

The West

Reporting Assignment Trip An Eye Opener

By JEFF KOSNETT
Of The Daily Mail Staff

I had seen the Mississippi River twice before — in 1973 at St. Louis and last September at New Orleans.

Until two weeks ago, that was the extent of my western travels. I've been all over the East and Midwest but never to California, Texas, Colorado or even Kansas. I've traveled a lot, but not to the usual places.

If you've been reading the Daily Mail this week, you'll note that the newspaper sent me on a tour of Colorado, Wyoming, Montana and Utah to work on a series that starts in tomorrow's Gazette-Mail.

What was the trip like? It was work and the travel was frenzied but it sure wasn't drudgery.

You haven't lived until you've awakened at 6 in Denver, driven up to Cheyenne and flown that evening on the 9:30 p.m. "puddle-jumper" to Billings.

More out of curiosity than thirst, I killed some time between dinner and departure by ducking into a typically Western "saloon." Whose picture was on the wall? Buffalo Bill Cody? Wyatt Earp? Jesse James?

Would you believe the Wyoming Air National Guard?

Or how about this one: I left Billings at 6:30 for a tour of a strip mine 80 miles east of the city. We raced back so I could catch a 3:30 plane for Salt Lake City, which I made, sprinting. The flight took me back to Denver and after a two-hour stopover, on to Utah. I arrived at 8:15. My bags came at 9.

Then I rented another car and drove 50 miles south to Provo, where I reconfirmed my appointments for the next day and stayed for the night.

In one week you learn that Montana and Utah are no closer neighbors than West Virginia and Massachusetts but the jet age can tie any two U.S. points together in a few hours.

But I didn't just fly in airplanes, check into hotels and go into the coal mines.

For example, take my arrival in Den-

ver. In a light rain on an overcast Sunday, I got a car at the airport and checked into a nearby hotel. I wanted to see the Rocky Mountains. Don't tell me about the Blue Ridge or the Alleghenies. I wanted to see real mountains.

Mist and smog precluded this from the airport, which is on the eastern edge of Denver.

So I headed farther and farther west until, on the other side of downtown, there it was: a bunch of shadows in the background. Actually, Denverites I met the next day told me they look at the mountains only to keep from getting lost in the sprawling city.

As Lake Michigan in Chicago or the Kanawha River in Charleston keeps one oriented, so do the Rockies in Denver. They do in Salt Lake, too, which the people in Denver said was "another Denver with the mountains on the east instead of the west."

Wrong.

Of all the places I saw in a week, I'll take Salt Lake City and especially Trolley Square. This is the only shopping center in the nation designated as a historic landmark, and with good reason.

Formerly the storage barn for the city's trolleys, the building deteriorated as the trolleys went the way of the nickel candy bar and 20-cent gasoline. A few enterprising businessmen bought it for a song a few years back and renovated it inside and out.

Today, it has 10 good restaurants, six theaters, about 50 stores and boutiques, a mess of farmers' market-type food stands, and an unbelievable parking



OFF THE BEATEN PATH — Scene of house in the reclaimed ghost town of Scofield, Utah, one of the places Daily Mail business writer Jeff Kosnett visited on his recent Western trip. Kosnett, not an experienced

traveler, managed to see four states in eight days, not get lost, not lose his luggage, and combine business with pleasure. — Photo for the Daily Mail by Phil Shurtleff of the Provo (Utah) Daily Herald.

problem. Salt Lake (Utahns don't say City) is best known as the headquarters of the Mormon Church. But don't forget the body of water for which it is named.

"No trip to Salt Lake City would be complete without a trip to the Great Salt Lake," the travel guide said. So, just before dinner Saturday night, I decided to head out to the lake.

No sooner did I clear the city limits than the road was full of billboards for gambling casinos 80 miles ahead at the Nevada state line.

The road was straight as a string, flat as the Bonneville Salt Flats (which start just the other side of the lake) and would hit probably often does make a perfect drag strip.

Supposedly you can "float like a

cork" on the salt water, but it was much too cold for swimming. I took off my shoes, rolled up my trousers, and stepped in. The area was deserted, there was a fireball sunset and the sight was marvelous.

I can't say I had the usual Western trip, the kind you see in airline magazines. But airline magazines do have some use, I learned. Out West, there are loads of obscure rent-a-car companies.

In Denver I had to wait so long for my reserved Hertz car that the others behind me were saying, "Where's O.J. when you need him?"

Simpson wouldn't have hithered running through this airport if he saw the line and the delays.

So, when I needed a car in Utah, I

decided I would try someone else. I called Dollar Rent-a-Car Systems and reserved an intermediate size car. That would have been much cheaper than the Hertz Toyota.

When I arrived at the airport in Salt Lake, I approached the empty Dollar counter and asked for my car. "We're out of intermediates," the smiling face said.

Aha, I thought. Bait-and-switch. "So, at no extra charge..." I got a 1978 Monte Carlo — and it was still considerably cheaper than the Toyota.

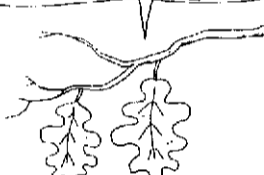
Take that, O.J.

I don't know exactly how to end this article, but if you're all ready to head out to Utah, be apprised: I was, after all, on an expense account.

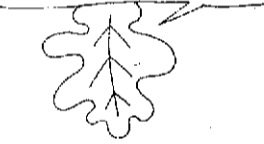
FUNKY WINKERBEAN

-BATJUK-

WELL, THE FIRST HINT OF FALL IS IN THE AIR!



WE WERE BORN IN THE GENTLE WARMTH OF SPRING, SHARED IN THE GLORY OF A BLAZING SUMMER SUN, AND NOW QUIETLY FALL BEFORE THE COLD DARK WINTER!



THAT'S IT?! FOUR LOUSY STINKING MONTHS?!!



Fall Forest Festival All Week

The 41st annual Mountain State Forest Festival begins Sunday in Elkins, and culminates Oct. 7, when Gov. Rockefeller will crown Queen Silvia.

Opening ceremonies will begin at 12:45 p.m. Other activities Sunday are a horse show, Little League football game, a Civil War reenactment and a band concert.

The forest exhibits open Tuesday at 5 p.m. and wildlife and craft exhibits open Wednesday at noon.

There will be daily concerts, including country music shows, the W.Va. Tech marching band, the Vienna Boys Choir and the Marshall University Band.

Other activities during the week are a tobacco spitting contest, horse pulling contest, horseshoe pitching, public square dance and a fireman's parade.

Also on the schedule are a turkey calling contest, bicycle race, children's puppet show and parade, amateur boxing, a swim-a-thon, and contests in tree felling, woodchipping, sawing, baton twirling, muzzle loading and riding.

The Davis and Elkins College cross country distance run will be held Oct. 8 at 10 a.m. and a grand feature parade is set that day at 2 p.m.

The West Virginia Open state championship fiddler and banjo contests will be Oct. 9 at 1 p.m. at the National Guard Armory in Elkins.

Following the crowning of the queen Friday at 2 p.m., there will be a reception on the Davis and Elkins campus, and the coronation ball will be held at 10 p.m.



SPECIAL — A coach's wife is a special person. Mrs. Patrick Vance, wife of Nitro High School football coach, notes that few people realize how much time a coach must spend away from his home and family. At left, Mrs. Vance plays with her 4-year-old daughter, Beth. Keeping it calm at home, at right, is Mrs. Joseph Cielensky, wife of St. Albans coach, and her daughter, Vicki. The family attends most of the football games and often goes along on scouting trips.



Coaches' Wives Share Ups And Downs

Their Husbands Bring Triumphs And Defeats Home

By CHERYL CASWELL
Of The LifeStyles Staff

A coach's wife is a special person. She is his sounding board for the frustrations and joys of nurturing a group of young men into a winning, self-confident football team. She lives football right along with him.

She has a special place on the bench, and rarely fails to warm it, offering her own encouragement by just being there. She is the number one fan.

She listens to him turn plays over and over in his mind, then watches his efforts in action either fail or succeed. She feels the disappointment of a loss and the thrill of a win.

She spends many long, lonely hours without him, realizing that he belongs to other people, too. She holds his dinner to all hours of the evening. She is a special person, because she has to be.

"There's a real joy in sharing part of his job," said Mrs. Wanda Goad, wife of Dunbar High School coach Delmar Good. "When I go to a game, I can see what he has worked for so long and

hard."

Mrs. Good has missed only one game in 27 years. But due to illness, she will be sitting out the rest of this season, and admits her husband will miss her. "I've got a good mouth to yell with. He'll miss that."

The mother of five children from 13 to 26, Mrs. Good recalled the days when she headed for the football field, "and just tucked the children under my arm." Like all coach's kids, the Good children have known sports since they were toddlers.

All three of the Goods' sons played on their father's football team. "I worried about what that would be like," said Mrs. Good. "But I think it was a good experience. It required time away from home that they could spend together and it gave them a closeness."

"He's a good coach," she said. "He's stable and always calm under fire."

A coach doesn't leave his thoughts about his team at the field. Mrs. Suzanne Criddle, wife of South Charleston football coach Homer Criddle, joked, "At night when we go to bed, it's

Homer and me and the football plays."

A coach's family can't be anything but sports oriented. Mother of two young sons, age 4 and 6, Mrs. Criddle said her oldest child's first words were "two points."

"We attend the games," she said. "I always look forward to football season. At least I know where my husband will be on Friday nights." The Criddles also enjoy attending West Virginia University games in the fall and watching Robert Alexander, who rose to fame under Criddle.

There are plenty of frustrations in a coach's house. "He's so busy," said Mrs. Criddle. "He doesn't get to see the boys as much as he'd like. Our eating habits have to be varied during season, and we can't plan trips."

Most coaches' wives say, "It's enjoyable" but they add the qualifying "but

...." "It's enjoyable, but the pressure of winning or losing can really get to you," said Mrs. Joanne Vance, wife of Nitro coach Patrick Vance. "I really get involved and excited."

She added, "He makes me feel a part of it. He talks to me about his problems with the team and that makes us closer." She confessed that she had no real interest in the sport before she married, but, "It's easier to watch when you know someone in it."

"Sometimes I feel that I can't escape the football field," she said, and the Vances do live next to the field. "I always worry about what's going on over there. But it's handy for Pat," she said, "and I can just hand him a sandwich through the fence."

Mrs. Vance found, along with the other wives, that the biggest adjustment to make was getting used to a coach's time away from his home and family. "People don't realize how often he has to be away from home," she said. "But I have to realize that if he is going to be a success, he has to do these things. When he's here, those are good times."

Their wives say coaches, often red-faced and tense on the football field, are calm and collected at home. Mrs. Vance said, "He keeps things inside. If

the team loses, we don't suffer because of it.

"I know he really enjoys coaching," she said. "He has told me over and over."

Men, it seems, are born football fans. Women are not. Rather, they are gradually made into some semblance of an interested fan. "After 20 years I've learned to like it," said Mrs. Shirley Cielensky, wife of St. Albans football coach Joseph Cielensky.

"Of course, he's more tense during football season," she said. "Football seems to sneak into every conversation. He lives, eats and breathes football from August to December."

"We try to pamper him and do special things for him, especially when the team loses a game and he is depressed. Before games, it's hectic," she said. "We usually get up and have a leisurely breakfast, then relax until it's time to go."

And when the season ends? "I have a big sigh of relief," Mrs. Cielensky said.